



EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 1.

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Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters.

Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram-shop whisky beverage, but are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, make the weak strong, heal the lungs, build up the nerves and cleanse the blood and system of every impurity.

For dizziness, rush of blood to the head tending to apoplexy, dyspepsia, fever and ague, dropsy, pimples and blotches, scrofulous humors and sores, tetter, ring worm, white swelling, erysipelas, sore eyes and for young men suffering from weakness or debility caused from imprudence, and to females in delicate health, Frazier's Root Bitters are especially recommended.

Dr. Frazier: I have used two bottles of your Root Bitters for dyspepsia, dizziness, weakness and kidney disease, and they did me more good than the doctors and all the medicine I ever used. From the first dose I took I began to mend, and I am now in perfect health, and feel as well as I ever did. I consider your medicine one of the greatest blessings.

MRS. M. MARTIN, Cleveland, O.

Sold by George T. Wood at \$1 per bottle.

HENRY & CO., Sole Prop'rs,
62 Vesey Street, N. Y.

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CAPITAL STOCK \$210,000.

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Produce and Commission Merchants, 39 Market Street, (B. F. Thomas & Co.'s old stand,) Maysville, Ky. Dealers in all kinds of Field and Garden Seeds, Flour, Fruits, Potatoes, Bacon and Lard, pure Liquors of all kind, Canned Goods a specialty. Highest market price paid either in cash or trade for all kinds of Country Produce. Consignments solicited. 123ly



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Front St., 4 doors west of Hill House

Grand, Upright and Square Pianos, also the best make of Organs at lowest manufacturers' prices; Tuning and Repairing. n17.

Skin Diseases Cured

By DR. FRAZIER'S MAGIC OINTMENT. Cures as if by magic, pimples, black head or grubs, blotches and eruptions on the face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures itch, barber's itch, salt rheum, tetter, ringworm, scald head, chapped hands, sore nipples, sore lips, old obstinate ulcers and sores, &c.

SKIN DISEASE.

F. Drake, Esq., Cleveland, O., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment and was cured by a few applications.

The first and positive cure for skin diseases ever discovered.

Sent by mail on receipt of price, fifty cents

HENRY & CO., Sole Prop'rs,
62 Vesey Street, N. Y.

For blind, bleeding, itching or ulcerated piles. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure. Price \$1, by mail. For sale by George T. Wood, druggist.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

A Sure Cure Found at Last—No One Need Suffer!

A sure cure for blind, bleeding, itching and ulcerated piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams, (an Indian remedy,) called Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five or thirty years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electrics do more harm than good. Williams' Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for piles, itching of the private parts, and nothing else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry, of Cleveland, says about Dr. Williams' Pile Ointment: I have used scores of pile cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave me such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment.

For sale by George T. Wood or mailed on receipt of price, \$1.

HENRY & CO., Sole Prop'rs,
62 Vesey Street, N. Y.

Women's Masculine Idols.

Every man who fills an effective public position has an especially good opportunity of moralizing upon feminine frivolity and frailness. A handsome actor, a good-looking popular preacher, a charming singer, finds the women go down before him much as the ladies do before the hero of Patience. As very High Church young ladies delight in standing up out of reverence to very young curates when they enter the church, so there are many women who would be charmed to go down on their knees when one of the heroes of society enters a drawing-room. Good looks are not always necessary, though as a rule women prefer their idols to be handsome. Excessive notoriety will do instead. The men who, with no personal charms—with, as in some recent instances, a positive unpleasantness about them—go through society worshiped and adored by the women, must indeed be inclined to adopt the true Guy Livingstonian view of the other sex. These ladies who sneak after the man of mushroom notoriety, imploring him to come to their afternoons, begging him for his photograph or a copy of his poems, or an autograph letter, or a lock of his hair—must appear to him very "poor little beasts" indeed. But however he may despise them, he can, to a certain extent, understand their motives. They want other women to see him talking to them, to meet him at their houses, to be aware that he has written letters to them and given them his photograph. The idea these women entertain must be that they obtain a second-hand distinction by being associated in people's minds with the idol of the hour. Women have from all time regarded it as sufficient honor for themselves to be the favorites of great men. This is but a modern rendering of the old story. They have made it the fashion to sit in adorning circles, around their hero, and gaze upon him with meek eyes of wonder, much as if he were a Persian prince, and they his humble slaves. But there is none of the charm of danger in this, and perhaps not much excitement; for it is all done in public, and has become a prominent feature in the programme of most drawing-room entertainments.

Congratulations.

Peck, of Peck's Sun, helped an old lady off the cars at some Western station three or four years ago, and she died last month and left him \$22,000 in bonds. Even as homely a man as Peck never loses anything by playing grandpa.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Very likely the editor of the *Free Press* thought he was doing us a kindness by starting that story, but if he could see the procession of charity seekers that have filed up our golden stairs since, he would be sorry. We never appreciated what an immense circulation the *Free Press* had until the people began to congratulate us on our good luck. But its circulation must be principally in poor houses.—*Peck's Sun.*

A Question of Mileage.

Jones held an execution against a farmer and when he called for a settlement the agriculturist took him out into a big pasture and pointed out a wild steer as the particular piece of property to be levied upon. Jones chased the steer around for awhile, and then sat down, and taking out his book began to write.

"What are you doing there?" asked the granger.

"Charging mileage," replied the constable, without looking up.

"Do I have it all to pay?" gasped the rancher.

"You bet."

"Then take this tame heifer here. I can't stand any such game as that."

The Original "Rip."

Hackett introduced this play upon the stage, and was the first person who acted the part of "Rip," the sleepy Dutchman. The writer saw and heard him at the Eagle-street Theater, in Buffalo, over forty-five years ago, when he appeared in this comedy. It has been improved or varnished up since that time, and is now (if I may use the expression) "Rip Van Winkle with variations."

I have heard it played by Joe Jefferson and others. At the hazard of being called an old foggy, I will state that I have never seen Hackett's superior in the part of "Rip." He was, to use a trite saying, "head and shoulders" above any of his imitators. In the wizard scene in the valley and the dreary tramp up the Catskill Mountains, carrying a keg of liquor upon his shoulders; in the long sleep of twenty years, the awakening, the search for his gun, which was found in a tree and above his reach, the sorrow depicted at the loss of his favorites, Hackett was inimitable. How life-like was the acting when he appeared in his native village after an absence of twenty years, where he saw only a few of the descendants of the old Dutch burghers—his recognition of his son, a chip of the old block—his emotions manifested on hearing of the death of his "frau," Dame Van Winkle, and particularly his old Snyder—the change that had taken place in the village inn, once his favorite haunt and where he often met his boon companions—the new sign with the likeness of George Washington upon it instead of George III.—the election at the old hotel where he is asked "who do you vote for?" his reply, "George III.," not having heard the name of George Washington, are interesting scenes, and when Hackett acted were truly life-like to me.

How successful has been that amusing comedy. It has netted to Jefferson and others thousands of dollars. Yet, as I learn, the original was written when Irving was in a happy mood, and was not considered by him as of much importance or as a good production.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

"The wives and daughters of second rate Americans are quite as pretty, clever, and accomplished as their sisters above the line of 'upper-ten-dom,' but, owing to the fact of 'pa's pile' being of only recent formation, have not had the advantage of being brought up in Europe and European ways. Hence, despite beauty, knowledge, and talent, they lack the repose and other things which mark the cast of Vere de Vere. Their toilets are apt to be amazing, and their diamonds to rival an exhibition of lighthouse apparatus. Nevertheless they tower over their husbands, fathers, and brothers. The latter have been sent into a counting house too soon to have acquired even the varnish of good breeding. They dress very much like a barber's block, and talk more nonsense than could be imagined." "It is a little odd that the Western man, who supplies Presidents and leading men to the United States Senate, should not be a success on the European grand tour. His cleverness is undeniable, for he has made a superb fortune, but he is obviously out of his element in the old Continent. A life divided between business and home politics leaves little leisure for cultivating the subjects on which Europeans love to dilate."—*Edmund Yates.*

"This safe is empty—call at the house," was the card which burglars found on the safe of a Green Bay office. They called at the house and robbed it of \$600, and the smart office clerk hasn't got the big-head any more.